

1-1970

## January 1970

O.P. Kretzmann  
*Valparaiso University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus\\_commentary](https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus_commentary)

---

### Recommended Citation

Kretzmann, O.P., "January 1970" (1970). *Campus Commentary*. 48.  
[https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus\\_commentary/48](https://scholar.valpo.edu/campus_commentary/48)

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives & Special Collections at ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Campus Commentary by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at [scholar@valpo.edu](mailto:scholar@valpo.edu).





JANUARY, 1970

Dear Brother:

The clock in the hall struck five and the first light of another day spread over the parsonage lawn. My friend and I had been sitting in his study talking since midnight. For once the term "dialogue" would have been appropriate — but we had not yet learned to use the word for a discussion with a brother.

I remember the occasion as if it were yesterday. The place was the study of the Rev. Dr. K. Kretzschmar, vice president of the LC-MS, preacher extraordinary, friend of youth. The time was May 1934. I had come to Fort Smith to preach for "K.K." at a youth service — but here we were at 5:00 a.m. on Sunday morning, with no sleep and no desire for it. It was Spring in Arkansas and the whole world seemed to share our glad wakefulness.

But the point of the story — and the reason for bringing it to your attention a generation later — is the nature of the subject we were debating in the long hours of that night: **"What is the destiny of the LC-MS? What is the ultimate purpose of its separate life in Christendom? What should we look forward to? What should we work for?"** Let me add that "K.K." was still in the vigor of his forties. A few years later he died an "untimely" death when he contracted typhoid on a hike with his Juniors, who loved him well.

My answer was simple: "Missouri," I said, "was singularly shielded from the storms of Modernism — we had vigorously broken down the barriers of nationalism — we had begun to overcome our linguistic difficulties — we had begun to learn stewardship and the importance of missions — we were singularly well equipped for life in the modern world — strong, highly organized — with a high morale which equipped us for a new life in the mainstream of America — open, outgoing, reaching out for our brethren in Christendom, trying to be a humble leaven out where the action is. This is our future and our destiny."

"No," said "K.K.", "your reading of our history is right but your conclusions are wrong. As you say, God has been very good to us — but for only one purpose — to build high walls of doctrine and life around ourselves — then stand on these walls and blow trumpets that can be heard to the far ends of the earth. It is our duty to be a trumpeting reminder of the ideas that so much of Christendom has lost — a highly powerful trumpet for the unwilling ears of believers, secularists, schismatics, the dregs of modernism, the bastions of Rome and all others who had forgotten the meaning of the Gospel." (Perhaps I should say that "K.K." had a magnificent vocabulary and an enormous list of illustrations of his argument. I remember one: "Augustine, from his small seaport on the North African coast, swayed the whole Christian Church.")

So there we were that gentle spring night — trying desperately to read the past and the future. This is not the place to argue the relative merits of the arguments. What I remember most clearly was the spirit of the discussion, now long since gone from the LC-MS. **We were just two puzzled brethren, both loyal to "Missouri," who saw the future differently.** It never occurred to either one of us to call the other a heretic, a traitor, or a crypto-modernist. Motives were never challenged. There was no name-calling.

In 1969 — Denver seemed to indicate that we have lost that spirit of brotherliness. If you wore a fish-hook (or if you did not), you were a theological bum to be avoided (Romans 16, 17) at all costs. Romans 16, 17 was extended to the matter of talking to a brother in the hall.

So — now we have a modern version of the plea of the Prodigal Son: "Give us our part of the inheritance (synodical property) and we will go away." A few nights ago I dreamed that the crosses on our churches were swaying in the high late winds of suspicion, fear, and hate. *Miserere Nobis!*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## ON BUILDING A CHURCH

During the past few years we have often noted the increasing interest in religious matters manifested in some of our secular magazines. In a recent issue of a national journal, for example, there is an interesting essay by an anonymous preacher concerning the process of building a new church. Reading it I was reminded of the fact that wise brethren have often told me that building a church is one of the most dangerous and delicate operations in Christendom. **The trouble is that everybody knows how to build a church.** People who would not know how to put a woodshed together suddenly become authorities on proportion, materials and ecclesiastical tradition. Apparently there are two things in the world on which everybody is an authority — **the waging of war and the building of churches.**

Tragically the essential cheapness and sentimentality of our modern approach to all forms of arts is reflected most clearly in our notions concerning church building. Every brother I have ever known approaches the task of building a church with fear and trembling. When it is all done, however, and the last window has been placed and the last argument in the building committee has been settled, there is a sense of permanent achievement and satisfaction for both congregation and pastor which is lasting and unique. An anonymous writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* sums it up:

"Already its walls are bathed in the atmosphere of prayer and praise. To it through the years young men and women will come to plight their marriage vows. To it little children will be brought to be dedicated to God in the beautiful rite of baptism. To it our dear dead will be borne for the tender offices of



faith and hope and love. From its pulpit the good news of a gracious God will be proclaimed. From its altar will be distributed the sacred symbols of God's grace, validated by a love of which the Cross is the measure and the sign. We who built it dare to hope that our children and children's children will gather in it long after we are gone, to pledge their allegiance to the ancient loyalties which alone can transform this beautiful but shadowed world into a family of God, wherein men know and feel themselves brethren because of their common origin and destiny in Him."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## SING TO THE LORD

Apparently the discussion of liturgical matters and church hymns is endless. Usually these discussions create more heat than light. It is a curious fact that in this field almost everybody is an expert. We know what we like and nobody is going to change our minds about it — the attitude of the old lady who kissed the cow. Perhaps no phase of church life is more controlled by prejudice and emotion. No matter what liturgists and hymnologists say, we still like shoddy music and rhythm. The time must be one to which our feet can keep time or, still worse, to which we can chew gum rhythmically. Honestly, I saw that only a few weeks ago. A really remarkable performance. The young lady chewed her gum to the beat of "Onward Christian Soldiers" in perfect rhythmic consonance. All this leads us to say again that the entire matter deserves careful and humble study. There are absolute standards in church music and hymns and they should be at least approximated. In *The Christian Century* Mr. Richard Mather says some wise and important things. He attacks Mr. S. Palmer who had defended the so-called Gospel hymn:

"What Mr. Palmer does not seem to have observed about many so-called 'simple' Gospel songs (including 'When the Roll is Called up Yonder' and 'Stepping in the Light') is that they have more affinity with opera musically than do many so-called 'complicated' hymns, and their language is often by no stretch of imagination the common speech of every day. By way of explanation I should say that the type of music I mean by the general term 'opera' is that highly dramatic, sometimes theatrical, use of exciting rhythms, lurid tone-colors produced by sudden dissonance, chromatic progressions or vast leaps in harmony and melody, and the use of ornamental figures designed to display the art of the singer. All these elements are perfectly in place in a theater, but none of them can be used in church without intruding worldly and unspiritual elements into the worship.

"Actually a simpler text, and far simpler music, is a hymn like 'Ah Dearest Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended?' by Johann Heermann, set to music by Johann Crueger. Again in a more joyful strain, the para-phrase of Psalm 136 by John Milton, 'Let Us with a Gladsome Mind Praise the Lord, for He is Kind,' set to the tune Monkland, is far from 'pedantic' or 'toned down to minor key.' It has all the animation and joy of 'Stepping in the Light,' only it is more direct, more objective, more sanctified for use in the house of God, and for that reason more beautiful."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## HERE COMES THEOPHILUS AGAIN...

Dear O. P.

I had the shock of my life last week. Ever since the days of my Confirmation instruction, I have been under the well-nurtured opinion that Martin Luther belonged to the Missouri Synod. But last week I attended a theological conference sponsored by the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A. which was attended by 30 people, 10 from each Synod and to my amazement, I found our ALC and LCA brethren have read as much about Luther as we have.

I could have made a mint at that conference selling score cards, because without one during the discussions, you couldn't tell to what Synod a man belonged by what he said. In fact, there were more differences between men within one Synod than there were between men of different Synods. You can appreciate what a shocking experience this was and how it has now forced me to rearrange my prejudices.

The topic under discussion at this conference was Christology. We learned a lot from each other, but we didn't settle anything and I guess we weren't supposed to. We never even reached agreement on how to pronounce Chalcedon. Among the 30 there were four different pronunciations. To be on the safe side, I avoided all four and just referred to the year 451.

Unfortunately, attending that conference cost me time and energy. Before, I was satisfied that the Lutheran Council had a good staff, perfectly capable of doing what had to be done without involving me. Now that I found out how well we get along with our brethren in the ALC and the LCA, I feel an urge to give a hand wherever possible and, so far, I haven't been successful in putting that urge down.

I hope you notice that I always refer to Lutheran Council rather than to LCUSA. When you pronounce LCUSA it sounds like one of those Indian names they give to Boy Scout summer camps.

One more thing, if you have read this far. At the closing of the conference, an LCA pastor from a congregation in the northern suburbs of Chicago quoted a limerick that hit the spot. I should mention that this pastor had his PhD in nuclear physics before he went into the ministry. Well, when he was at the University of California, he attended a student retreat for PhD candidates where a paper was delivered by one of the students present. The limerick below was the professor's only comment on the paper. You've attended enough theological conferences to know how well it fits. Here it is

There was a young man from Purdue  
Who said many thing that were new and were true  
What he said that was true was not very new  
And what he said that was new  
Was not true.

Yours faithfully,  
Theophilus



**HERE AND THERE:** A few random notes which have attached themselves to me like nettles on a walk through a hostile meadow:

No Jeremiah that you ever presented in your pulpit can match what our post-modern secular observers are saying in these declining days of 1969. All that is missing is the thunderous little word "sin." Perhaps it too will come in 1970 — a significant little *praeparatio evangelica*. Once it came from the prophets of Baal — why not from a writer in the *Saturday Review*.

"If a person is old enough to perceive what is happening around him, what does he see? He sees a world divided into rigid sovereignties that admit no superior or objective judgment over their behavior, even though what they are doing is inimical to society as a whole. He sees the energies and resources of nations being diverted into ever-larger ways of expunging or cheapening human life. He sees people preoccupied and swollen with meaningless satisfactions. He sees concepts of human brotherhood and social justice, held up by society as its animating ideals, but he finds that his own efforts to act on behalf of these concepts will put him in conflict with that same society. He sees a world being insanely fouled by pollution. He sees the good earth being covered over by tar and cement, the streams and lakes being poisoned by detergents and chemical excrescences, the oxygen in the air being depleted. He knows that our astronauts were able to roam the heavens because no limitations were placed on human ingenuity, technological facilities, or funds; and he is unsatisfied with the argument that it is impossible to mount a comparable effort to make life on earth a little less hellish. He feels that people react to youth in terms of superficials — hair or beard or clothes or, in the case of girls, absence of facial paint or fancy coiffures — and not in terms of the things that scar their vision or that tear at their gizzards."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**The inner workings of Synod become more mysterious every day.** Minor example: The last few mailings from St. Louis addressed to me carry above my name the following letters and numbers (I am copying exactly) 6020-346383 — KRET 5 VL 000093. I have spent long weary hours trying to decipher these letters and numerals. Are they a secret message to my mailman who is a Soviet spy and promptly forwards all this information to Moscow? Or is it a notice to me from the Christian News? Experts in these arcane matters of communication tell me that each letter and numeral carries a separate and significant meaning. This makes my search all the more frustrating. KRET is the only part I can understand — it is the first part of my name which was borne originally by medieval brethren who sold beer from pushcarts. They were called "Kretzer" or "Kretzmanner."

The rest of the figures remain mysterious. Those four zeroes in a row — do they contain a reference to my career? And does that VL in the middle mean "very lousy?"

The whole business would be worth only a moment of idle curiosity — if it were not for the fact that so many strange things are coming out of St. Louis these days; e.g. the notice that a brother is fired with thanks for his excellent work; another brother refuses to be fired and is re-hired with a roll of muffled drums; there is a constant stream of voices crying: "I didn't say that."

So — I am painfully puzzled by the mysterious letters and numbers above my name. If you have a similar configuration on your letters and have discovered their meaning, send them to me and I will forward them to other bewildered (and who isn't?) brethren.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Now and then, more rarely as the years fly, I run across examples of Greek verse, especially epitaphs. Example from Simonides speaking for the dead at Thermopylae:

"Stranger, when you come to Sparta tell them that we lie here, obedient to their will." ... "Pass the sweet earthenware jug made of the earth that bore me, the earth I shall some day bear."

Or Soppo: "More real than real, more gold than gold."

The mourning elegiac tone of the best of Greek verse, its tragic sense of the tragedy of life, stands in blessed contrast to our awareness of the Resurrection. There is a vast difference between Paul the Silentiary and Paul the Apostle.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**I know very well that I shall have to wait a while before I will understand the heavenly scale of values.** What does one do with an order in which the last shall be first, the smallest greatest, and the laggard who pushes the time-clock at 4:55 P.M. and gets the same pay as the faithful soul who has labored since 8:00 A.M.? This is not our way of figuring and we can only wait more or less quietly until the One Who labored praying all night will show us how this is done.

All this comes over my bemused brain when I read (in the *Christian Century*) a review of "When Compassion Was A Crime" by H. D. Leuner. He describes the unknown and unsung heroes in the Hitler era who secretly helped the Jews:

"In a fascinating way the wholly unidentified helper — for example, the stranger on a tram who presses ration coupons into the hand of a person wearing the yellow star — also emerges among the heroes. Indeed, Leuner compels us to face the question: Who, if either, is the greater hero: the man whose name is known and whose suffering for others is therefore somehow tied to his name (which entails the possible eventuality of praise), or the man whose acts can be recognized by no human being save himself, the one who risks his life only to vanish into the crowd?"

**Every day there are reports in our newspapers and journals which should be read with thoughtful and sad eyes.** High among them are the statistics from Viet Nam or from our highways.

I have long felt that the number of dead is only a part of the story. Beyond these figures — chilling enough — there loom the massive numbers of the "wounded." If you have ever been in a Veterans' Hos-



pital you have seen them — the men who would rather be dead — the blind, the disfigured, the basket cases, the broken in mind and spirit, the lonely ones whose life will always be a bed of pain. A recent dispatch by Richard H. Rovere presents the picture:

"There is an increase in the number of those who are brought home to live out their lives in more or less complete immobility, and often in all but unendurable agony. 'This war has been a terrible crippler,' he said. 'The fighting in Vietnam is producing total-disability cases at a rate nearly double that of the Korean war and almost triple that of World War II.' According to researches, 'out of every hundred veterans receiving compensation for wounds received in action in Vietnam, 12.4 per cent are totally disabled. The comparable figure was 6.7 during the Korean war, and only 4.4 per cent during World War II.'

"Seen from any point of view, these are chilling figures. Had we been as efficient in the two previous wars, the number of totally disabled would have been greater than it was by approximately a hundred and twenty-five thousand cases. (The actual figure for those two wars combined was about seventy-eight thousand totally disabled.)"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A brother (a good one) writes that he wants to memorialize (thankfully) my retirement. I once attended his missionfestival on a hot August afternoon and now he has set aside a front pew in his church with a beautiful cardboard sign: "O. P. slept here."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A hungry chicken and a starved pig came to a restaurant with a sign that said: "Ham and Eggs 75 Cents." The chicken suggested that they go in to make a deal. "Oh, no" said the pig, "with you it's just a deposit, but with me it's a total commitment."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The movement toward religious faith begins with the realization that the self is not God, is not absolute in power, knowledge or responsibility. A friend of mine described this experience by saying, "I decided to hand in my resignation as manager of the universe. I was surprised to find how quickly it was accepted."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I cannot be a Christian," the hippie said to me:  
"Trust no one over thirty," — and Christ was thirty-three."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On Passion Sunday the congregation of the Lutheran Church of the Cross, Berkeley, California, sang a hymn we'd never heard before: "No. 575, Jesus, priceless treasurer."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### From the Christian Century:

In many Jewish communities of that day there was a man called the Crippler. His job was to mutilate Jewish boys — to lop off hands or feet, to deafen with a little stick, to cut tendons and cause limps — so that when the czar's recruiters came the boys would be rejected. They were crippled so that they might live. Herbert Gold, who tells of this custom in his book **Fathers**, says: "The crippler is an instrument of the way things are, and so are the crippled." But may it not be that the crippling of Isaac and Ishmael down the years — the warping of their hands to fists, of their mouths to snarls — has been a denial of the way things are, a distortion of their common fatherhood and destiny? No, the task ahead is to help two brothers to accept each other and live together in peace. Only so will the crippled be made straight and the world be warmed to life once more.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### LIGHT ON ROME

The following paragraph is from "Theological Studies," an excellent Roman Catholic journal. It is part of a review of Hans Kung's monumental volume "The Church." Remembering the source, this voice should be heard thoughtfully:

Part 5 concludes K.'s study with a discussion of the priesthood of all believers and the distinctive contribution of officeholders to the welfare of this priestly community. Office in the Church must be interpreted in the light of the community, not vice versa: the hierarchy exists within the Church, not above it. All Christians share in the unique priesthood of Christ. All Christians have immediate access to God, offer sacrifice, proclaim the word, participate in the execution of baptism, the Eucharist, and the pardoning of sins, mediate Christ. **All Christians are called to serve the community in some way. Service is thus the criterion for the community contribution of all Christians, including officeholders.** History shows that the function of office in the Church can be fulfilled in a number of different ways. Our present arrangement must not be absolutized. There is no need to separate officials from the other members of the community in terms of a special state. Apostolic succession is not an automatic process. **Although authority in the Church comes from Christ and not from the community, the whole community has a voice in the exercise of this authority.** The criterion of service is particularly important in evaluating the contribution of the papacy to the life of the Church. Vatican I must be interpreted in the light of Vatican II. Unfortunately, the history of the papacy is, with few exceptions, a his-



tory of ever-increasing papal power without a corresponding increase in papal service. The Oriental Churches had the Bible behind them in opposing the authoritarian absolutism that developed in the West. The papacy, which should be the ultimate bond of unity among all Christians will never be achieved unless the papacy renounces papal power wherever that power fails to serve the genuine need of the Church universal. The papacy has an important contribution to make to the life of the Church, but only if that primacy is understood biblically as a primacy of service.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## THE ROAD TO PEACE

The following words and phrases were applied to some of the brethren (especially District Presidents) in one issue of a Christian journal. It should be noted that the editor of this journal did not use them; they appear largely in signed articles or letters to the editor. He is therefore entirely blameless.

"You put on the cloak of selfrighteousness."

"Watch the liberals organize and scream."

"The District Presidents say they speak in the name of Jesus Christ. Do they do this in the same way as the Bishops of the past who pillaged, ransacked, burned and even killed, in the Name of Christ, all those who dared to speak the truth of God's Word?"

"2nd Timothy 3:12 states 'Depraved men and juggling cheats will progress toward what is worse.'"

"What appears to be the Gestapo Tactics of the Council of Presidents."

"Railroading through the 'shotgun wedding' of LCMS with ALC."

"Because of the many slanted, distorted and unscriptural articles in the Lutheran Witness and Lutheran Witness Reporter I have ordered its manager to cease sending these objectionable, offensive publications to my home so that they cannot 'contaminate' my children."

"It (Christian News) disturbs only the unfaithful servants who aid and abet our enemy, the devil."

"It (the Council of Presidents Statement) reminds me of Ahab accusing the prophet of fomenting trouble."

"It (the Statement of the Council of Presidents) was a cowardly thing to do."

"Your courageous battle against the enemies of the eternal truths who are so brazenly raising their ugly heads."

"Now is your golden opportunity to help lead the true Christian out of the apostacy and save them from being among the deluded."

"The truth is that not all of us have fallen victims to the false teachings coming forth from some of our seminaries."

"When man tries to tell God that he does not know whereof He speaks, man will surely regret the day that he ever made mockery of God's Word."

"We'll have an equitable property settlement and call it quits."

I repeat — the editor is not to be blamed. He sows only wheat; these tares must have come from somewhere else.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## EDUCATION AGAIN

Idly wandering through the pages of an *Atlantic Bulletin* my eye falls on the following sentence: "Mrs. Seebeck, nee Emily Neebe, died on December 16 after an illness of many years." The paper drops from my hands, and my mind goes chasing down the years. More than thirty years ago Miss Emily taught at St. Stephen's School in New York City. When I first meandered in, on reluctant search for learning, St. Stephen's was (and is) a little brick building behind a church in one of the crowded sections of New York City. Memory is somewhat dim after all these years, but I seem to recall that the teacher, discovering that I was a preacher's kid, put me down in the front row. I think she was a first-rate teacher, although, as in the case of all good teachers, her methods and techniques seem to have faded with the years. Perhaps she did not need any. I learned to read and write, and I think she took me as far as fractions. As I sit here now the years drop away and I remember again the long trek to school each morning through snow and ice, heat and cold. When the second and third in the family came along, the transportation system was improved by the addition of a homemade wagon, with wheels from a discarded baby carriage, a few boards, and a box. To ride in that wagon through Crotona Park was a greater thrill than taking a mainliner from New York to Chicago. There were, too, the cold lunches on bitter winter days and the inevitable snowballs during every recess. There was the equally inevitable big bully whose favorite quarry was the preacher's kids. I often wonder what became of him. I like to think that he became a buyer in a woman's clothing store.

Curious how certain things linger in the memory. There was the tremendous occasion when the teacher of the upper grades, Mr. Otto Prokopy, got married, and Miss Neebe drilled us in a song of congratulations. We sang with more vigor than rhythm, but Mr. Prokopy apparently liked it, and his marriage was very happy.

All this comes back to me now this quiet winter day through a single sentence in the *Atlantic Bulletin*. Let it be said again that teaching is a great profession, although eternity must often dawn before the full measure of its importance becomes evident. A grateful farewell to Mrs. Seebeck. She will live long in many hearts.

Which reminds us. What, after all, is the essence of the mysterious process which we call education? I must confess that none of the many definitions is particularly satisfactory. Certainly what we have had in America during the past twenty-five years can hardly be called education in any adequate sense of the word. Now and then I run across a truly "educated" man or woman, and I note again that the finished product is easily recognizable. It seems to be a matter of attitude rather than of knowledge. A few years



ago one of our graduates left for service in the armed forces of our country. Before he disappeared into the darkness he left me the following note:

**"So far away, yet so dreadfully near is war. To live and yet to die. By losing freedom, never; but to die leaving freedom a cherished reality and eternal life a God-given promise — for this I am ready."**

I think that he is educated in the highest and best sense of the word.

Although the exact definition of education may at times escape us, we do know that some of it is based on the hard concept of discipline. Despite the progressives we cannot always do what we want to do when we are young. We were reminded of that when we saw a quotation from Mr. Stephen Leacock's famous lecture, "The Pursuit of Knowledge." Mr. Leacock believes that even the ancient custom of "caning" can be salutary unless the idea arises that physical punishment is degradation. He writes:

"When I entered Upper Canada College fifty-two years ago, the 'caning' of the boys by the masters was taken for granted. We perhaps felt hurt by it, but not degraded; on the contrary it gave one something of the feeling of a veteran of the wars or a proven Brave of the Plains after the Sun-dance. We bore no grudge. On these terms the results, as a whole, were probably very good. . . .

"When I became in turn a master in the College, I handed out, for ten years, the same treatment. When I look back at it now, I marvel at the barbarity of it; but not then; the boys whom I licked the most seem to cherish the kindest memories; and seem to have succeeded best. Looking back on the list I find that I have licked no less than eight cabinet ministers, two baronets and four British generals — to say nothing of about one-half of the bench and the bar in Toronto. Whether these men would have come to the front without my assistance is a matter I am not prepared to discuss."

I hold no brief for actual "caning" but I do believe that the concepts of discipline must return to American schools before we can turn out truly educated men and women. With that I sit back and wait for the storm to break.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### EXCURSION INTO ARCHEOLOGY

For a number of years one of my younger and well beloved colleagues has been an archeologist in the Middle East. Through him I have occasionally received copies of a private and privileged news letter from his company to buffs around the world. The following episode demonstrates that they are still human:

"The west chamber of A76 was not so well preserved, and it soon became evident that it had been entered and disturbed by small animals, probably mice or rats. Yet it did provide one of the more enjoyable and earthy aspects of the season's work for all of us, and what is here related will no doubt become part of the growing collection of archaeological folklore. The setting for this story, it must be remembered, is the intense excitement that accompanied the discovery of the east chamber of A76. When one of the small stones above the blocking stone of the west chamber was removed, workers called attention to a spider resting upon the blocking stone itself. On the analogy of the east chamber, which was perfectly sealed against any possible intrusion, it could only be concluded that this web-spinning creature was the first pre-city phase spider known to man! Excitement again spread over the hills of edh-Dhra as our directors anxiously sent to the camp for his camera. In good order the photography was completed and careful plans were made for scooping up the beautiful remains of this creature and placing them into the cotton-lined box prepared for the occasion. Just as this last and most important act was about to transpire, however, the spider rose and proudly walked away. Only in retrospect could it be seen that this chamber was not sealed so perfectly as the one to the east."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### A PLAN FOR RADIO

Robert M. Yoder refers to the new soundproof chamber at Northwestern University. This room has been constructed for a scientific study of the properties and values of silence. **A marvelous idea.** Mr. Yoder believes that regular radio programs should be broadcast from this chamber of silence. Writing in *The Chicago Daily News*, he says:

"The most obvious application, of course, would be to have a half hour broadcast from this room, and call it **The Hour of Antidote**. Every five or six minutes the announcer could break in and describe some of the things the listeners are being spared, just to point the thing up. The part I am going to love, as only a consumer can love, is the part where they don't have Red Skelton.

"Maybe radio isn't ready for an entire program from Northwestern's curious little subbasement. If not, the thing to do is to use the silence as a chaser. This would go mighty good after most of the commercials, especially those implausible little conversations in which two cultivated young ladies chat in low, cultured tones about how easy it is to suds the coal off their old man's mining cap."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And so — into the Seventies. For my generation it will be the final decade — or at best the years of twilight — and with them this strange mistiness of the end of the day. And yet — even in that twilight — we shall find, I know, a sure peace and a great victory.

Faithfully,

O. P. Kretzmann